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## SKETCHES OF INDIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

By ALBERT B. REAGAN, La Push, Wash.

## CHIEF NOSKELZOHN'S STOVE.

SEVERAL years ago, when the government first began to issue things to the Apache Indians of Arizona, the agent at Fort Apache received a stove to be issued to one of the chiefs of the reservation. After some deliberation the agent decided to give the stove to Chief Noskelzohn of the Cibicu division. So he dispatched an Indian police to Cibicu for the chief, and in due time Noskelzohn came to the agency for his stove. Before the agent gave it to him, however, he took him over to his house and showed him a stove in use and explained to him how to cook many things on it. Then he had him take dinner with him, that he might see how much better things tasted that were prepared on the white man's stove than in the ashes or on the bottom of an inverted skillet.

After the repast the chief packed his stove on a *burro* and started home with it. But when he got to Cibicu—having stopped at a *tiswin*—drunk on the way, he had forgotten all about what to do with it. So he placed it in his yard near his teepee, and there it remained rusting for nearly two years. At last one day an Indian scout came along on his way from the fort to Canyon creek, and noticing the stove, remarked: "That is one of those things on which the agent's wife cooks so many nice things. I have also seen the soldiers cook on one of them at the fort. It is a good thing. Why don't you use it, Noskelzohn?"

"Put it up for us, brother, and show us how to use it," replied the chief. "We know nothing about it."

"All right," rejoined the scout. "Let's put it up at once."

Instantly the whole band of aborigines was interested; all was excitement. Some of the Indians stood around the scout with open mouths. Others carried the stove into the teepee and set it up as the scout directed. Others rushed to the nearby forest and gathered wood. Then when the stove was filled with wood and everything was ready, the scout proceeded to kindle the fire in it. "Now you'll see her go," he remarked, as he lighted a match on the sole of his moccasin and touched it to the shavings. Breathlessly all stood around and looked

on—till the stove smoked them out of the teepee. The Indian scout had kindled the fire in the oven.

The stove stands in Noskelzohn's yard rusting to this day.

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A DAY IN JEMEZ PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO.

IT IS August 14. The great orb of day, the fond object of Pueblo worship, is raising his burning eye above the wooded landmarks on the eastern horizon. The violet-blue sky is clear. The wind from the northwest has lulled, and a sultry calm sets in.

We are in Jemez pueblo. The Jemez Indians, who are industrious when the work interests them personally, have been busy since the first streak of light began to encroach upon the regions of darkness on their eastern horizon. The men are dressed in white tunic and pantaloons; each has an *aleh*, about an inch wide and made of red-colored cotton cloth, tied around his head to keep his hair in place; his feet are covered with moccasins; and his hair is tied up in a *chungo* (cue). Thus attired they are all at work in their fields. Some are hoeing their maize; they never cultivate it. Some are irrigating their fields; others are cutting their wheat with a hand sickle. Others are hoeing their *chille*. The women are dressed in a black skirt and a red or white waist; each has a shawl or Navajo blanket over her head; her feet are covered with buckskin moccasins; her legs to the knee are protected with leggings made from the same material; and each woman has a beautifully embroidered *panya* (apron) suspended at her back by a cord which passes over the shoulders and is clasped under the chin. Thus attired, the women are also at work. Some are milking their cows. Some are carrying water in water-jars from the river; the water-jars are carried on their heads. Others are preparing the morning meal.

At about nine o'clock the men return from their work and partake of the morning repast. It consists principally of chille-stew (green corn and green red peppers boiled together); some meat roasted on the coals before the fire; some *tortea*, a sort of pancake made from Graham flour; and some *vyava*, a paper bread made from corn-meal. This meal, ground by hand by rubbing one millstone over another, so that it is much finer than the meal used by European descendants, is made into a paste. This paste is spread in a very

thin layer upon a flat rock over the fire, where it bakes rapidly. When done, it is taken off and a new layer is spread. These papers, as fast as baked, are laid one on top of another till the thickness of the combined layers is a little less than an inch. This bread is dipped in water to moisten it when eaten. Coffee is the usual Jemez drink. While eating, the family are usually seated on the earth floor in a circle surrounding the water-jars and baskets which contain the eatables.

After the meal is completed, the governor, having been informed that the left bank of the irrigating ditch west of the river has been broken by an overplus of water during the night, starts out on his tour around the village ordering the men out to fix the ditch, his harangue sounding like that of a show manager when announcing the parts of a circus to be acted. The governor has not been in the street long till he is followed by the two lieutenant-governors and finally by the *fiscal* (ditch commissioner), each one delivering in like manner a harangue to the people. At last, after an immense amount of persuasion—there is not the interest shown in public works that there is in private affairs—the men turn out and fix the ditch. Then they return to their own work.

Threshing wheat is the order of the day now. The wheat in the straw is hauled from the field in just the wagon-bed, the ponies being too small to haul a larger load. It is then piled on the threshing-floor, which usually consists of a level circular spot of earth. After a sufficient amount of the grain has been hauled, the wheat is tramped out of the straw with horses. Then comes the tedious cleaning process, which is only accomplished by shaking the tramped product in the wind, thus allowing the wheat to drop to the ground and the lighter particles, such as straw and chaff, to blow away. The particles of earth, however, which have accumulated in the tramping, are not removed in this process but must be washed out. This last act is accomplished by the women at a later time.

Suddenly there comes a lull. The meridian-hour has been reached, and the people quit their work to partake of the noonday meal; and for one hour the village is wrapped in silence.

After the siesta, the people return to their work, hauling, threshing and cleaning wheat as before. It is much pleasanter now, however, than it was in the ante-meridian hours. The

wind, which veered to the southwest at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, is now blowing quite briskly, while intervening clouds shut out the rays of the sun, which rode radiant and undimmed in his splendor during the forenoon hours. Under these more favorable conditions the work progresses faster than before the midday hour.

As night advances, and as the sun begins to color the evening sky with golden and crimson paints, the work ceases, and the governor gives his orders for the work to be done on the following day.

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#### THE APACHE AND THE WAGON.

WHEN the Apache Indians first saw a wagon, they shot it full of holes and then burned it. At a later date wagons were issued to them by the government. These they tried to use, instead of destroying, but, as they had had but little experience in using the white man's things, several accidents occurred.

In hitching a team to a wagon, they hitched the traces first; then took down the lines; and, as a finish to his hitching up, put up the neck-yoke last. As a result of this backward way of procedure the teams, when only the tugs were hitched, often ran away and smashed up the wagon.

An accident of another sort occurred several times as the result of their not knowing how to lock a wagon. When they would come to a hill that they were compelled to descend, instead of using the lock to hold the wagon from running on the team, they would "pile" as many Indians as possible into the wagon to hold it down and keep it from running on the team as it went down hill. The lassoing of another team was the usual result, if nothing worse. When this mode of keeping the wagon from running too fast down hill failed, they resorted to another scheme. They had seen the cowboys, when mounted, hold a cow with a lariat rope; so they tried the same plan in holding the wagon from running down hill too fast in its descent. This scheme would, probably, have worked better if the rope had not been left slack till the wagon got under headway. A mounted Indian, at the top of the hill, held a rope around the pommel of the saddle, the other end being tied to the hind axletree of the wagon. With this rope the simple-hearted aborigine supposed that he and his horse

could stop the wagon; but when all the slack in the rope was taken up, the result need not be mentioned.

The Apache has learned more about a wagon since then; but to this day, when hitching to it he hooks the tugs first and puts up the neck-yoke last.

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THE ELECTION OF THE INDIAN GOVERNOR AT JEMEZ, NEW MEXICO,  
DECEMBER 29, 1900.

[Read by title before Section H at the Philadelphia meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, 1904.]

AT about three o'clock in the morning of December 29, 1900, Victoriana Gachupine, the Indian who chored for me, woke me and said: "They have built the fires of the gods." I went to the house roof, and sure enough a huge fire was burning just without the pueblo in each of the cardinal directions, one to each of their deities. The one to the south represented the sun, the one to the north the moon, the one to the east the morning star, the one to the west the evening star.

"To-day is election day," broke in Mr. Gachupine, as he joined me on the housetop. "Last night," he continued, "the cacique and chief religious men and medicine men met and cast corn (cast lots) to see who would be a suitable man for governor (this is the Jemez mode of nominating a candidate). To-day we will vote for the governor and other officers."

At that instant the heavy, guttural, basic command of the governor and his aids, who just then entered the plaza on their commanding tour, broke the stillness of the early morning with: "O-wah bah kwal-la-shoo ka-whee pang-a-oong-hung"—go to the south estufa to vote for governor to-day. This they repeated time after time as they made the circuit of the entire village.

After this commanding tour was completed nothing farther of interest was noticeable till about ten o'clock in the forenoon, except that guards were put out on every side of the village to prevent any of the male Indians above twenty years of age from leaving the place. At ten o'clock the governor and his aids again appeared in the public square, and, as they walked around and around the streets of the village, they gave the command: "Bah ka-whee pang-oo"—go to the election. This order was not obeyed. The Jemez never care to attend an election. If there they stand a chance of being elected to some

office; and, if elected, they must serve, whether they want to or not.

At noon the governor and his aids again appeared, and, in gruff, coarse, emphatic, basic voices, gave the following and last command of the day: "Sho yosch-shee tang-a ka-whee pang-oo"—we command you (in the name of) all the gods of our fathers, go to the election. This order likewise was not obeyed. So the Indian constables were compelled to force attendance; some of the Indians were dragged from their dark rooms and carried, struggling, to the estufa.

When all were within the secret religious hall, the cacique, standing with his back against the post which separates the north wall of that edifice into the two rainbow sections—the section of the Rainbow in the West and that of the Rainbow in the East, lifted his hands to heaven and out toward the symbolic paintings of the house as he prayed long and earnestly to his deities. After his prayer was completed, the retiring governor, Augustine Pecos, gave his farewell address in the form of a prayer, as follows: "O Sun, O Moon, O Evening Star, O Morning Star, O Montezuma, etc., O all the gods of our fathers, we indeed and in truth thank you for all things. We thank you for the infants, we thank you for the young women, we thank you for the young men, we thank you for the middle-aged and old women, we thank you for the old men, we thank you for the horses, we thank you for the mules, we thank you for the cattle, we thank you for the corn, we thank you for the wheat, . . . we thank you for our kind neighbors (kya-ba), we indeed and in truth thank you for all things."

Then turning to his associates in office he said: "In the name of the God of Day, of the God of Night, of the God of the Morning, of the God of the Evening, of the Great Water Snake, of the Power-producing Flash Lightning, of Montezuma, . . . and of all the gods of our fathers, I thank you all for your faithful work. I thank you, cacique, I thank you, first assistant cacique. I thank you, second assistant cacique. I thank you, my first lieutenant-governor. I thank you, my second assistant lieutenant-governor. I thank you, war captain. I thank you, assistant war captain. I thank you, our east-side ditch commissioner. . . . I indeed and in truth thank you all for your faithful work."

Then, as he turned his face heavenward, he continued: "In the year to come, as in the past, O God of the Rain, give us

water. As in this year, O God of Bloom, give us flowers in abundance. Oh, may the gods of our fathers give us a bountiful harvest, . . . and O God of Day, O God of Night, . . . O gods of all our fathers, give us for the year to come a good governor.

Then, with one official cane raised toward the heavens, the other official rod of authority suspended over his visible hearers, he said: "I indeed and in truth thank you all, both those present and those above."\*

After the farewell address was finished, nominations were in order. The result of the casting lots the night before was supposed to be secret and not known to the populace. Mr. Jose Reyes Gallena was the candidate for governor. As soon as his nomination was announced, the vote was taken by acclamation, all rising and saying "nop." It was unanimous. Had it not been unanimous, a new candidate would have had to be proposed; everything must be by unanimous consent with the Jemez.

As soon as declared elected, the governor elect went to the cacique and got down on his knees before him. Then that august person, the cacique, as he bent over the man at his feet, first prayed to his deities; second, he gave the new governor instructions as to the duties of his office; and, third, he gave him the two gold-headed canes of authority, which go with the office of governor. The now inaugurated governor rose from his humbled position and seated himself at the right side of the cacique beneath the section of the Rainbow in the West.

\* Pā-ta-gā'tza, A-tā-wat'-za, Shō'-bā Wang'-hō, hōm-wa Wang'-hō, Montezuma, . . . . . āx shō-yō'-shē tōng'-ā, shō muts'-ā nēns, shō muts'-ā nēns, shō muts'-ā nēns. Kū muts'-ā, ūm'-pī-kū muts'-ā, a'-kū muts'-ā, ō'-wa muts'-ā, vāla muts'-ā, kā-wī-lu muts'-ā, wag'-ga-shē muts'-ā, mul'a muts'-ā, pō'-hō muts'-ā, dunt'-chu-nō muts'-ā. . . . . Kya'-ba muts'-ā, shō muts'-ā, shō muts'-ā, shō muts'-ā.

Whan''-ī-ki-yan'-ha Pāt-a-gāt'-za, A-tā-wat'-za, Shō'-bā Wahng'-hō, Hōm'-wa Wang'-hō, Wan-a-kūn'-tō, Hō'stō-ō-lu-sā-lā, Montezuma, shō-yōsch-shē tōng'-ā, shō ūn'-wa muts'-ā nē. Wā-kyēm-bā muts'-ā, wa-ā'-da muts'-ā, Shan-tō-tū'-ū muts'-ā, Da'-ha-wag'-gē muts'-ā, Un'-shūng muts'-ā, Sōn'-a-pā' muts'-ā, Wā-ham'-pā'' muts'-ā Pal'-lu muts'-ā, . . . . . Shō muts'-ā, shō muts'-ā, shō muts'-ā.

Sā-dal'-lē-pisch kwal'-lē-pisch, Wan-a-kūn'-tō, p'ba ma'-la. Kwal'-la-pisch, sā-dal'-le-pisch Hōs'-tō-ō-lu-sā-lā pa ma'-la. Yōsch'-shē shō tōng'-ā hā'-ba-da' ma'-la. . . . . Pā-ta-gāt'-za, A-tā-wat'-za. . . . . yōsch'-shē shō tōng'-ā sā-dal'-lē-pisch whēsch Shō'-bā Wang'-hō mala.

Shō muts'-a, shō muts'-ā, shō muts'-ā.



The election of the other officers immediately followed. The election of each remaining officer was somewhat similar to that of governor, except in the case of the minor officers. Each of these was nominated by the retiring officer; and, as soon as elected, the retiring officer turned his rod of authority over to him without any ceremony. In all, thirty-one officers were elected.

When all the officers had been elected, the cacique again prayed long and earnestly to his gods and to their symbolic paintings on the estufa walls. With his prayer the election closed.

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#### THE APACHE INDIAN AND THE CAMERA.

THE Apache has an abhorrence for a camera. He peoples everything with spirits or ghosts. He believes the camera to be a box in which the white man has legions of evil spirits to turn on his red brother. He believes these spirits are to harm him in some way or other while he is here as a living being.

He furthermore peoples each thing with its counterpart spirit; consequently, when he dies he destroys everything which belonged to him of earth, that the spirit of his effects may accompany him to the Beyond. He wants no white man to have his picture after his death; because everything of his would not be with him in spirit then; and he would be one most miserable there, though surrounded by all the enjoyable things of the happy hunting-grounds.\* He therefore will have no picture taken, if he knows it, provided he is not paid for it. He will sell his chances for happiness in the land of bliss for immediate gain, as his white brother sometimes does.

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\* The traders used to threaten to take a picture of an Apache short in his accounts to induce him to "pay up"; and as a result the debt was usually promptly paid.